THE

LITERARY GUARDIAN,

And Spectator of

BOOKS, FINE ARTS, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, AND FASHIONS.

No. 23.] SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1832. [PRICE 2d.

Spectator of Books.

BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. 5. Murray.

WE are much pleased with the contents of this volume. The memoirs are just what they ought to be, to become useful and popular. Brief and to the point, yet by no means skeletons of biography; full of fact and curious research, without being clogged or laboured in their arrangement; the every-day reader will never quarrel with the book for dulness, nor the more experienced amateur throw it aside as too trivial to be worthy of his regard. The pages are judiciously strewed with history, anecdote, and criticism, in which last, though necessarily brief, there is no mean display of sound sense and elegant thought.

There are eleven memoirs in this fifth volume, in the following order;—Jameson, styled by Walpole "the Vandyke of Scotland," (born 1586;)—Ramsay, the son of the poet, Allan Ramsay, much encouraged by George the Third;—Romney, "in the opinion of Flaxman, the first of all our painters, for poetic dignity of conception;"—Alexander Runciman, an artist of great natural genius, the son of an architect of Edinburgh;—Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst;—the eccentric and truly "original" Mortimer, the son of a miller, and, according to some, the lineal descendant of the famous Earl of March;—Sir Henry Raeburn;—Hoppner;—Owen;—Harlow;—and Bonington, speaking of whom our author very prettily remarks,—"It is often the pleasure of the Creator to unite a fine genius with a frail body; the former ripens into excellence, and the latter fades and decays; and both sink prematurely together, for in death they may not be divided. Of these, one of the latest and the worthiest was Richard Parkes Bonington."

We now pass to our extracts, taking, first, the curious account of Romney's early genius:—

"It is much the fashion in the north country, among the people of substance, to give the eldest son of the family a fine education, in order that the paternal name may be maintained with honour in the land, while the junior branches are less carefully dealt by: and the humbler orders have mimicked the example. It is not unusual to see the younger sons of our farmers or peasants holding the plough or watching the sheep, while the elder-born are in the church, the army, or the law. Something like this happened in the family of John Romney. William, the eldest, was instructed in classics, in which he excelled; 'but George,' says his son, 'not making much progress in school learning, and being moreover of a sedate and steady disposition, was taken from school in his eleventh year, to be employed at home, where his services were wanted.' 'Having discovered,' says Hayley, 'soon after he had attained the age of twelves years, a great passion for mechanics, he employed himself in a variety of devices, particularly in carving small figures in wood, to which he was lead by the ardour of early uninstructed genius. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and passed much time in experiments to make violins of various shapes and powers. In advanced life he took great delight in recollecting the ingenious industry that he exerted as a boy. He carefully preserved the favourite violin of his own construction; and has been heard to play upon it in the house which he filled with the productions of his pencil.' This skill in the carving of wood, and the construction of fiddles, speaks, however, of a more intimate acquaintance with the hand-saw and the plane than Mr. Hayley seems willing to acknowledge; and on this head Flaxman gives direct evidence: 'Romney, (says he,) was brought up to the business of a cabinet-maker; and this employment, which to a common observer would seem little better than an ingenious mechanical drudgery, led his inquisitive mind to contemplate the principles of mathematical science, and to acquaint himself with the elements of architecture.' There were, however, other pursuits, and of a curious kind, in which he was presently deep.

"There lived at that time in Dalton one Williamson, a watchmaker, a singular enthusiast. He was fond of music, an admirable performer on the violin, skilful in the uses of the camera obscura, not unacquainted with drawing, and above all, a professor of the exploded science of alchymy—a love of which, after being expelled from London, lingered late, here and there, in the provinces. Young Romney was this man's almost constant companion; with him he fiddled, planned, drew, and moreover dipped into the mysterious science of the transmutation of metals. Nor were they idle dreamers, who only sat and amused themselves with strange imaginings; they had a furnace and crucibles, if not all the apparatus with which tradition or history sets up the alchymist:—

'Your stone, your medicine, and your chrysospherma,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop.'

"Time, labour, and money, were expended in such pursuits, and preparations were made for one grand and crowning experiment which was expected to end in a shower of gold. As the hour drew nigh, the anxiety of the alchymist increased; the fire which had been kept burning for nine months, showed flame of a promising colour—the contents of the crucibles assumed a yellowish hue—and the projector saw in imagination riches rivalling the dreams of Sir Epicure Mammon. It seems his wife, on that fated day, was entertaining a select coterie of gossips; and knowing that workers in fire loved to taste the cup, summoned her husband to make merry. Romney, in relating the story, said—'Now Williamson in vain represented that the moment of fate was at hand; his wife's entreaties or remonstrances prevailed; and as he took his seat and drank, his furnace, with all that it contained, blew up.' His wife was in consternation. 'Never was conjugal complaisance more unfortunate,' says Hayley, 'save in the case of our first parents.' He hastened to his study; on looking at the scene of ruin, one of his companions comforted him with words like those of Face in Ben Jonson:—

'O, sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown in fumo, every glass is burst,
Furnace and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house;
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers.'

Romney was ready with his sympathy. The alchymist, however, refused to be comforted; and his rage went a bitter length. He conceived a permanent hatred against his wife—left his home—forsook her for ever, and associated with

another woman:—'an evil example,' says Hayley, with ludicrous affectation, 'which was *not without its influence on Romney* in a future day.'

"The story of Williamson made, however, a strong impression on Romney's fancy. In his declining years he amused himself with the idea of sketching a melodrama, 'representing,' says his son, 'the progress of an alchymist in quest of the philosopher's stone. The sanguine expectations of the philosopher were to have been heightened in every scene; but as he approached the crisis of the discovery, and was about to reap the golden recompense of all his toils, an ill-timed and prying curiosity in his wife, ignorant of his sublime pursuits, made frustrate by one single interdicted act, the consecutive experiments of years. A tremendous explosion then took place; the devil himself appeared; but instead of gold, there remained nothing but broken crucibles; and all those glittering visions which had so long figured in his imagination vanished at once in smoke.' Such a succession of dramatic scenes is much too complicated for the pencil. A story which enchains, when related or written, may, nevertheless, want those picturesque points so necessary in a painting. The keenest wit and the rarest humour often have nothing in common with shape or with form, and may be compared to sounds which can be described but not drawn.

"How and at what period the love of art came upon Romney, has not been clearly shown. Cumberland asserts, that it was inspired by the cuts in *The Universal Magazine*. Hayley, who probably had the story from the painter, says, that he consumed the time of his fellow-workmen in sketching them in various attitudes: while the artist's son states, that Da Vinci's Treatise on Painting, illustrated by many fine engravings, was early in his hands. All these stories may be true: genius draws its materials from many sources. The sight of a few fine prints in an obscure village in Yorkshire awakened the spark in Stothard; the carved figures in an old picture-frame did as much for Chantrey; and Wilkie's sense of the mingled comic and serious was first shown in drawing the head of one of his school-fellows, who sat to learn his neglected lesson on that bad eminence, the stool of shame. Romney himself used to relate, that one day in church he saw a man with a most singular face, from which he could never take his eye; he spoke of it when he went home, and his parents desired him to describe the man. He took a pencil, and from memory delineated the face so skilfully, and with such strength of resemblance, that they immediately named the person he meant; and the boy was so pleased with this, that he began to draw with more serious application.

"Cumberland, with some boldness, describes the artist as 'a child of nature, who had never seen or heard any thing that could elicit his genius or urge him to emulation, and who became a painter without a prototype.' His genius, indeed, was the gift of nature; but his skill of hand and his knowledge of colours had to be obtained at the common price—study and application."

The memoir of Copley, about whom so few satisfactory particulars have hitherto been published, is not the least interesting of the volume;—we shall take one or two passages from it. First, of his birth, &c.:

"John Singleton Copley, painter of "The Death of Chatham," "King Charles ordering the Arrest of the Five Members of Parliament," and "The Death of Major Peirson," has as yet had no biographer; and what I am now about to relate of him is gathered from the memories of his companions in art, the affection of his descendants, and the imperfect authority of fugitive references and Academy catalogues. He was the son of John Copley and Mary Singleton his wife; and was, by the most credible accounts, born at Boston in America, on the third day of July, 1737. His father was of English descent, had resided long in Ireland, and after marrying a lady of that country, removed to the New World, so nigh the time that his son was born as to countenance a report which prevailed, when he became eminent, that he was a native of Ireland. The fact that he was all along *claimed* as an American by the general rumour of the United States, might, perhaps, have been alleged to prove little—since, in a country constantly receiving, and willingly adopting, new citizens from all quarters, considerable looseness as to such a point might be considered as natural. John Scolloy, of Boston, however, appears to furnish distinct evidence, when writing to the painter in 1782; he says—'I trust amidst this blaze of prosperity, that you don't forget your dear native country, and the cause it is engaged in, which I know lay once near your heart, and I trust does so still.' Other proofs will, perhaps, occur as we proceed.

"In whatever country he was born, he was educated in America; and to her he owes his first inspiration in art. This came upon him, it seems, early enough; when some seven or eight years old, he was observed to absent himself from the family circle for several hours at a time, and was traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in charcoal, a group of martial figures, engaged in some nameless adventure. Boston, at this period, had neither academy of arts nor private instructors. Copley had, therefore, to educate himself,—a task, after all, not so difficult to genius as the dull imagine,—and which he set about undismayed, in the absence of models and masters. It is note-worthy, that, almost at the same hour, America produced, amid her deserts and her trading villages, two distinguished painters—West and Copley; who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of art, attempting portraits of their friends one day, and historical composition the other; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as some one called the native warriors; and making experiments on all manner of colours, primitive and compound; in short, groping, through inspiration, the right way to eminence and fame. Of Copley's very early works no better account can be rendered, than that they were chiefly portraits and domestic groups, to which the wild wood scenery of America usually formed backgrounds. I once heard an artist say that the fame of a fine painter, who lived in Boston, found its way to England as early as the year 1760: no name was mentioned; and this, he said, was the more impressed on his mind, because of a painting of a "Boy and a tame Squirrel," which came without any letter or artist's name, to one of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy; and when its natural action and the deep vivid colouring made the Academicians anxious to give it a good place, they were at a loss what to say about it in the catalogue, but, from the frame on which it was stretched being American pine, they called the work American. The surmise was just; it was a portrait by Copley of his half-brother, Harry Pelham, and of such excellence as naturally raised high expectations.

"In 1767, when Copley was thirty years old, we find him well known to the admirers of art on both sides of the Atlantic; he was then a constant exhibiter in the British Royal Academy; was earning a decent subsistence by his art among the citizens of Boston; had proved, too, that praise was sweet and censure bitter; and was, moreover, sighing for a sight of the Sistine chapel, and talking of the great masters. He thus sets forth his feelings in a letter to Captain Bruce, a gentleman of some taste, who seems to have been an admirer of the works of Copley—'I would gladly exchange my situation for the serene climate of Italy, or even that of England; but what would be the advantage of seeking improvement at such an outlay of time and money. I am now in as good business as the poverty of this place will admit. I make as much as if I were a Raphael or a Correggio; and three hundred guineas a-year, my present income, is equal to nine hundred a year in London. With regard to reputation, you are sensible that fame cannot be durable where pictures are confined to sitting-rooms, and regarded only for the resemblance they bear to their originals.

Were I sure of doing as well in Europe as here, I would not hesitate a moment in my choice; but I might in the experiment waste a thousand pounds and two years of my time, and have to return baffled to America. Then I should have to take my mother with me, who is ailing; she does not, however, seem averse to cross the salt water once more; but my failure would oblige me to recross the sea again. My ambition whispers me to run this risk; and I think the time draws nigh that must determine my future fortune.' In something of the same strain, and nearly at the same time, Copley wrote to his countryman West, then in high favour at the British court. 'You will see by the two pictures I have lately sent to your Exhibition, what improvement I may still make, and what encouragement I may reasonably expect. I must beg, however, that you will not suffer your benevolent wishes for my welfare to induce you to think more favourably of my works than they deserve. To give you a further opportunity of judging, I shall send over to your care for the Exhibition the portrait of a gentleman, now nearly finished: the owner will be in London at the same time. If your answer should be in favour of my visit to Europe, I must beg of you to send it as soon as you can, otherwise I must abide here another year, when my mother might be so infirm as to be unable to accompany me; and I cannot think of leaving her. Your friendly invitation to your house, and your offer to propose me as a member of the Society, are matters which I shall long remember."

Of his celebrated picture, "The Death of Chatham:"—

"By this time (1783) Copley's name had been established by works of eminent merit; among the first of which was "The Death of Chatham." The chief excellence of this picture is the accurate delineation of that impressive event, and the vast number of noble heads, all portraits, with which the House of Lords is thronged; its chief fault is an air of formality, and a deficiency of deep feeling: yet, it must be owned, that those who are near the dying statesman are sufficiently moved. All lords could not feel alike;—some seem standing for their portraits; some seem anxious about their places; and others, from their looks, may be supposed inwardly rejoicing that Death, having struck the head of the administration, seems satisfied with his prey. Praise poured in upon the successful painter from all quarters; no people were more pleased than his old companions in America; and many letters were addressed to him from grave and aged persons.—'I delight,' said the venerable Matthew Byles, of Boston, 'in the fame you have acquired; and I delight in being ranked amongst your earliest friends.' No one, it may be believed, rejoiced more than his mother. She was now very old, feeble in body, sinking silently to the grave; had suffered in peace of mind, and in property, during the war of separation; but what she lamented most were the interruptions which took place in the correspondence with her son; private letters were sometimes detained by the government, and she was months without the solace of his handwriting. It appears, too, that her circumstances were far from affluent; and it must be related to the honour of all concerned, that she made no complaint, and that her son did not forget her, or any of his relatives, amidst all his prosperity.

"The fame which Copley acquired, and the value which he put upon this noble picture, brought him, along with many friends, a few detractors. To have refused 1500 guineas, was, in the sight of some, offence enough; nor was this forgotten, when some time afterwards the fame of the painting was revived by a splendid engraving of large size, of which no less than five and twenty hundred impressions were sold in a very few weeks. He was advised to exhibit the picture; and naturally preferring the time when the townis fullest, hired a room, and announced his intention, without reflecting that the Royal Academy Exhibition was about to open. He met with unexpected opposition. Sir William Chambers remonstrated:—the room which was chosen belonged to the King; it was his duty, he said, to protect the interests of the Royal Academy, which were sure to suffer from such partial exhibitions; and he interposed, lest the world should think that the King, who had aided and protected the Academy, now countenanced an exhibition injurious to its welfare, and contrary to the spirit and rules of the Institution. This, Copley thought a little too autocratic in the architect, who, moreover, had not hesitated to embitter his opposition by most gratuitous incivilities. Those who desire to know how men of eminence in art addressed each other in the year 1781, may consult the conclusion of Sir William's epistle:—"No one wishes Mr. Copley greater success, nor is more sensible of his merit, than his humble servant; who, if he may be allowed to give his opinion, thinks no place so proper as the Royal Exhibition to promote either the sale of prints, or the raffle for the picture, which he understands are Mr. Copley's motives: or, if that should be objected to, he thinks no place so proper as Mr. Copley's own house, where the idea of a raree-show will not be quite so striking as in any other place, and where his own presence will not fail to be of service to his views.' The painter was much incensed by this language, and had some intention, when he moved his picture to another place, of stating publicly the cause of this vexatious change: he did, however, what many wise men do—having vented his wrath and sarcasm on paper in the morning, he sweetened the bitterness of the invective a little at midday, laughed at the whole affair in the evening, and threw the satire into the fire before he went to bed. The picture was so much admired, that the artist was emboldened to have an engraving made from it of unusual size, viz. thirty inches long and twenty-two inches and a half high, by the hand of Bartolozzi.

"When this great plate was finished, he was remembered by all those to whom he had happened to give offence; more particularly by those who were envious of his success. They spread a report every where, that he had fraudulently withheld from his subscribers the early impressions to which the order of signatures entitled them. This audacious calumny was promptly refuted: four gentlemen of taste and talent, one of them Edmund Malone, took up the cause of their injured friend, and proved to the satisfaction of the public—first, that Bartolozzi received 2000l. for the plate; secondly, that the number of subscribers, from April, 1780, to August, 1782, amounted to 1750; thirdly, that 2438 impressions were taken in all; fourthly, that 320 proofs were struck from the plate; and, finally, that the impressions were delivered to the subscribers according to the order of subscription. The approbation of many good judges compensated for the pain which this rumour occasioned: he could not but feel gratified with the united thanks of Washington and Adams, to whom he had presented two of the prints:—'This work,' says the former, 'highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye, when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it.'—'I shall preserve my copy,' said the latter, 'both as a token of your friendship, and as an indubitable proof of American genius.'"

The following amusing anecdote is one of a hundred, which are constantly happening to men in every kind of public calling:—

"A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece:—'It wants but one thing,' said he, 'and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second.'—'But,' said the artist, 'she is dead, you know, sir: what can I do; she is only to be admitted as an angel.'—'Oh, no! not at all,' answered the other; 'she must come in as a woman—no angels for me.' The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. 'I must have another cast

of your hand, Copley,' he said; 'an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture.' The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses: not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated."

How to prize a work of art,—

"There has always been a difficulty in disposing of historical pictures in this country; and no one was doomed to experience it more than Copley; no customer made his appearance for Charles and the Impeached Members. I know not whether the following remarkable letter, from a wealthy peer, arose from his own inquiries, or from an offer made by the artist; the letter, however, is genuine, and proves that they err who imagine that the spirit of bargaining is confined to mercantile men:—

"'Lord Ferrers's compliments to Mr. Copley; he cannot form any judgment of the picture; but, as money is scarce, and any one may make eight per cent. of their money in the funds, and particularly in navy bills, and there is so much gaming, he hopes he'll excuse his valuing his picture in conformity to the times, and not think he depreciates in the least from Mr. Copley's just merit; but if he reckons fifty-seven figures, there are not above one-third that are capital, but are only heads or a little more; and, therefore, he thinks, according to the present times, if he gets nine hundred pounds for the picture with the frame, after the three other figures are put in, and it is completely finished, and he has the power of taking a copy, it is pretty near the value: that is what very few people can afford to give for a picture. However, if Mr. Copley would undertake to do a family piece for him with about six figures, about the size of the picture he has of Mr. Wright's, with frame and all, he would agree to give him a thousand guineas for the two pictures. But he imagines the Emperor or some of the Royal Family may give him more, perhaps a great deal more, which he wishes they may, and thinks he well deserves; but if he can't make a better bargain, Lord Ferrers will stand to what he says, and give him six months to consider of it, and will not take it amiss if he sells it for ever so little more than he has mentioned, as he has stretched to the utmost of his purse, though he does not think he has come near up to Mr. Copley's merit.

"'Upper Seymour Street, June 5, 1791.'"

We take this opportunity to remark generally upon the series of volumes—"The Family Library," published by Mr. Murray, to which the one now under consideration belongs. In our opinion it is one of the neatest, and best Libraries of the day. We admire its plan, because, whilst it professes nothing great, in the way of science and system,—and claims no noble and potent "superintendence," it comprises a good selection of entertaining and readable volumes.

A YOUNGER SON.

The Adventures of a Younger Son. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

We have read further into these volumes, and are confirmed in the opinion we last week expressed of them. It is a work of unquestionable talent, and in some respects interesting;—it is hardly to be called amusing, and deals too largely in details of crime and fiend-like maliciousness to captivate the homely sort of readers. We cannot properly consider the work an immoral one, though as certainly there is no respect to morality or religion in its pages. It might almost be called a biography of wickedness, and by some might be considered useful as an example to fly from;—the experiment, however, would be a dangerous one, for the delinquent is supposed to be his own biographer, and takes no pains to throw an odious light upon his misdeeds. As the most shocking of these occur to stain the earlier part of our hero's career, there can be no question of its unfitness for the perusal of juvenile readers. We are sorry to be obliged to speak thus of a work the talent of which we really admire, and from the greater part of which we have received so much entertainment; but our duty to the public compels us to speak honestly and freely. In justice to the author, we now extract rather largely from the least objectionable passages in his youthful adventures. He thus introduces himself to the reader:—

"My birth was unpropitious. I came into the world, branded and denounced as a vagrant; for I was a younger son of a family, so proud of their antiquity, that even gout and mortgaged estates were traced, many generations back, on the genealogical tree, as ancient heir-looms of aristocratic origin, and therefore reverenced. In such a house a younger son was like the cub of a felon wolf in good King Edgar's days, when a price was set upon his head. There have been laws compelling parents to destroy their puny offspring; and a Spartan mother might have exclaimed with Othello, while extinguishing the life of her yet unconscious infant,

'I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain;'

which was just and merciful, in comparison with the atrocious law of primogeniture."

In the beginning, perhaps, this boy might have held the germs of a noble and generous disposition; with a natural wantonness and restlessness of spirit, which being curbed and persecuted with undue severity, roused him into a pigmy monster of iniquity, thievish, rebellious, and heartless. The only amiable trait we remember in the course of his youthful career, was that of "extracting from its sanctuary, and giving to a beggar woman, an entire pigeon-pie, dish and all. Perhaps," he adds, "the offence would never have been discovered, if the officiously-conscientious old woman had not returned with the empty pie-dish. I hated her honesty, and never afterwards could endure old women."

As a singular specimen of the ferocious and the ridiculous combined, we extract his first grand engagement with a raven. It is told with such skill, that we almost take a personal interest in the old brute; and at his destruction, the account of which is truly horrible, enjoy a conflict of feelings not unmixed with pain:—

"My brother was tractable, mild, and uncomplaining. I was in continual scrapes. I insisted on following the bent of my inclinations; and opposition only sharpened my desires. We were not allowed, among the many petty restrictions of our unkind governor, to stray off the gravelled paths in the garden. My brother submitted to this; while I sought for compensation in our neighbour's gardens, returning from them with fruits and flowers in abundance. My brother was contented with his daily walk upon the common or the road; I, with my pockets well filled with bread and apples, climbed the hills, or descended them to learn swimming in the rivers. I hated all that thwarted me, parsons, pastors, and masters. Everything I was directed cautiously to shun, as dangerous or wrong, I sought with avidity as giving the most pleasure. Had I been treated with affection, or even with the show of it, I believe that I also should have been tractable, mild, and uncomplaining. Punishment and severity were the only marks of paternal love that fell to my share, from my earliest remembrance.

"My father had a fancy for a raven, that, with ragged wings, and a grave antique aspect, used to wander solitarily about the garden. He abhorred children; and whenever he saw any of us, he used to chase us out of his walks. I was then five years old. Had the raven pitched on any other spot than the one he selected, the fruit garden, I certainly should never have disputed his right of possession. As it was, we had all, from the time we could walk, considered him and my father the two most powerful, awful, and tyrannical persons on earth. The raven was getting into years; he had a gray and grisly look; he halted on one leg; his joints were stiff, his legs rough as the

bark of a cork-tree, and he was covered with large warts: his eyes had a bleared and sinister expression; and he passed most of his time idling in the sun under a south wall, against which grew the delicious plums of the garden. Many were the stratagems we used to lure him from this spot; the garbage on which he gloated, was offered in vain. His moroseness and ferocity, and our difficulty in getting fruit, were insupportable. We tried to intimidate him with sticks, but were too weak to make the least impression on his weather-hardened carcass; and we got the worst of it. I used, when I could do so slily, to throw stones at him, but this had no effect. Thus things continued, I had in vain sought for redress from the gardener and servants: they laughed at us, and jeered us.

"One day I had a little girl for my companion, whom I had enticed from the nursery to go with me to get some fruit clandestinely. We slunk out, and entered the garden unobserved. Just as we were congratulating ourselves under a cherry-tree, up comes the accursed monster of a raven. It was no longer to be endured. He seized hold of the little girl's frock; she was too frightened to scream; I did not hesitate an instant. I told her not to be afraid, and threw myself upon him. He let her go, and attacked me with bill and talon. I got hold of him by the neck, and, heavily lifting him up, struck his body against the tree and the ground; but nothing seemed to hurt him. He was hard as a rock. Thus we struggled, I evidently the weaker party. The little girl, who was my favourite, said, 'I'll go and call the gardener!'

"I said, 'No; he will tell my father; I will hang the old fellow,' (meaning the raven, not my father;) 'give me your sash.'

"She did so, and with great exertion I succeeded, though I was dreadfully mauled, in fastening one end round the old tyrant's neck; I then climbed the cherry-tree, and, holding one end of the sash, I put it round a horizontal branch, when jumping on the ground, I fairly succeeded in suspending my foe.

"At this moment my brother came running towards me. When he saw the plight I was in, he was alarmed; but, on beholding our old enemy swinging in the air, he shouted for joy. Fastening the end of the sash, we commenced stoning him to death. After we were tired of that sport, and he was to all appearance dead, we let him down. He fell on his side, when I seized hold of a raspberry-stake, to make sure of him by belabouring his head. To our utter amazement and consternation, he sprang up with a hoarse scream, and caught hold of me. Our first impulse was to run; but he withheld me, so I again fell on him, calling to my brother for assistance, and bidding him lay fast hold of the ribbon, and to climb the tree. I attempted to prevent his escape. His look was now most terrifying: one eye was hanging out of his head, the blood coming from his mouth, his wings flapping the earth in disorder, and with a ragged tail, which I had half plucked by pulling at him during his first execution. He made horrible struggles for existence, and I was bleeding all over. Now, with the aid of my brother, and, as the raven was exhausted by exertion and wounds, we succeeded in jibbetting him again; and then with sticks we cudgelled him to death, beating his head to pieces. Afterwards we tied a stone to him, and sunk him in a duck-pond.

"This was the first and most fearful duel I ever had. I mention it, childish though it be, not only because it lives vividly in my memory, but as it was an event that, in reviewing my after-life, seems evidently the first ring on which the links of a long chain have been formed. It shows how long I could endure annoyance and oppression, and that when at last excited, I never tried half measures, but proceeded to extremities without stop or pause. This was my grievous fault, and grievously have I repented it; for I have destroyed, where, in justice, I was justified, but where, in mercy, I ought only to have corrected; and thus the standers-by have considered that, which I only thought a fair retaliation, revenge."

He talks in no measured terms of disrespect of his father, whose avaricious disposition he thus cleverly describes:—

"My father, notwithstanding his increased fortune, did not increase his expenditure; nay, he established, if possible, a stricter system of economy. He had experienced greater enjoyment in the accumulation of wealth than in the pleasures of social life. The only symptom he ever showed of imagination, was in castle-building; but his fabrications were founded on a more solid basis than is usually to be met with among the visions of day-dreamers. No unreal mockery of fairy scenes of bliss found a resting-place in his bosom. Ingots, money, lands, houses and tenements, constituted his dreams. He became a mighty arithmetician by the aid of a ready-reckoner—his pocket companion; he set down to a fraction, the *sterling* value of all his, and his wife's relations, their heirs at law, their nearest of kin, their ages, and the state of their constitutions. The insurance-table was examined to calculate the value of their lives; to this he added the probable chances arising from diseases, hereditary and acquired, always forgetting his own gout. He then determined to regulate his conduct accordingly; to maintain the most friendly intercourse with his wealthy connexions, and to keep aloof from poor ones. Having no occasion to borrow, his aversion to lending amounted to antipathy. All his discourses, with those whom he suspected to be needy, were interlarded with the wise sayings of the prudent and niggardly; and the distrust and horror he expressed at the slightest allusion to loans, unbacked by security and interest, had the effect of making the most impudent and adventurous desist from essaying him, and continue in their necessities, or beg, or rob, or starve, in preference to urging their wants to him. Till he was rich he had not been so obdurate on this point."

After being expelled from school, on account of his violence and insolence, our hero is sent to sea, in the royal navy service; the narrative of this period is one of continual riot, tyranny, and rebellion; of oppression, and villainy resisted almost to the commission of murder. Of this we will take one instance only:—

"Our captain's clerk, seeing I had a good store of books, with no place to put them in, thought they would be an ornament to his cabin, for he never read. He proposed to take care of them for me, offering me the use of his cabin, where I might read them. I gladly acquiesced in what I, simple fool that I then was, thought a most kind offer; and for a few days we got on very wall together. One day I went for a book; he was angry about something or nothing, and had the impudence to say, 'you may read here if you like; but I will not permit any books to be taken out of my cabin.'

"'Are they not mine?' I asked.

"'Not now;' he replied.

"'What!' I then asked, 'do you intend to keep possession of my books?'

"To this I received no other answer than,—'Come! none of your insolence!'

"Upon this, I said, 'Give me my books; I will leave them here no longer, now I see your object.' He dared me to touch them;—I snatched one from the shelf; he struck me; I returned the blow. It was then harmless as the unweaned colt's.

"My opponent was two or three and twenty, strong and thick set; I a tall, slim boy of fourteen. The presumption of my returning his blow so astonished his cowardly nature, that, for a moment, he hesitated what to do. But some of the youngsters had collected round the door, and cried out, 'Well done, my boy!' which incensed the paltry, dirty scrawler. He seized hold of me, and vociferating, 'You young rascal, I will tame you!' gave me a blow with a ruler, which he broke over my head; then jammed me up against the bulk-head, so that I could not escape, and belaboured me without mercy. As long as my strength lasted, I opposed him. The lookers-on were encouraging me, and exclaiming shame on him. My head grew dizzy from blows, my mouth and nose were bleeding pro-

fusely; my body was subdued, but not my spirit. I asked not for mercy, but defied him; and on his attempting to kick me out of the cabin, I increased his fury, by declaring I would not leave it till he had given me my books. We were thus contending, he to force me out, and I to remain in, when he kicked me in the stomach, and I lay motionless; while he roared and sputtered,—'Get out, you rascal! or I'll knock the life out of you!'

"'I felt I could no longer resist. I was in despair. The being beaten like a hound by a dastardly brute, and the insulting and triumphant language the fellow used, made me mad. My eye caught, by chance, something glittering close to me. The table was capsised, and a penknife within my grasp. The prospect of revenge renewed my strength. I seized it, and, repeating his words of knocking the life out of me, I added, as I held up the weapon, 'Coward! look out for your own!'

"I was then on one knee, struggling to get up. On seeing the knife, and my wild look, haggard with passion, the mender of pens shrunk back. After this, all I remember is, that I stabbed him in several places, and that he shut his eyes, held his hands up to his face, and screamed out in terror for mercy. Some one then called to me, with 'Holloa! what are you at?'—I turned round, and replied, 'this cowardly ruffian was beating me to death, and I have killed him!'—I then threw down the knife, took up my book, and walked out of the cabin."

So he buffets and bullies through the little world of ship-board; his hardihood and dauntless intrepidity commanding the respect and admiration of those even whom he does not scruple to affront. We take an incident of a favourable character to conclude with:—

"Such a commotion I never witnessed on board a man-of-war: the men came rushing over each other on deck, up every hatchway; discipline was at an end; the lieutenant commanding the deck stood astounded and aghast; the captain and most of the officers were struggling through the dense mass of sailors, questioning and commanding; but all control was lost, and they were huddled and wedged together without distinction. I soon observed it was despair, and not ferocity, that was painted on the rough and weather-beaten brows of the men. At last the secret burst forth in every voice at once—of 'Fire! fire! Fire in the fore-magazine!'

"That awful sound effected what nothing else mortal could have done; it made the stout, the hardy, the valiant sailor break through the well-organized drilling of an entire life; and he was seized with an irresistible dread of the only element he could shrink from contending with—fire, and in the powder-magazine! An instant, and bodies would be mangled and mingled in the air, without distinction of rank or station. Habit or instinct roused the officers, who at the first cry seemed to participate in the one unanimous feeling. None moved but with a flushed brow; and their eyes were glaringly bent on the fore-hatchway, awaiting a fate they could not avoid. We were out of sight of land; not a sail in view, nor a speck on the horizon; the only cloud was the black dense smoke which burst from the hatchway, and there being no wind, it ascended in an unbroken mass aloft, we anticipating soon to follow it.

"A dead silence reigned throughout the gallant frigate; then a confused murmur; and presently the men, without combination yet simultaneously, rushed aft to the quarter-boats; others crowded to the sides of the ship, straining their eyes in the vain hope of espying some means of escape; some tremblingly crept up the rigging, while a small band of iron-nerved veterans alone stood undauntedly—men grown grisled from storms, battles, and hardships, not from years. During this movement I started at the loud, clear, trumpet-like voice of Aston, commanding the firemen to get their buckets, the marines to come aft with their arms, and the officers to follow his example. With that he drew a cutlass from the stand, and now the first lieutenant and other officers, as if awakened to their duty, drove the men from the boats and out of the chains.

"The moment I heard Aston's voice I went up to him, and said—'I will go down to the magazine if you will send the gunners there and hand down water.'

"I rushed forward down the main-hatchway, hurried along the abandoned lower-deck, seized a rope, and descended through the smoke directly into the magazine. In the fore-part, which was darker than the blackest night, it was impossible to distinguish whence the fire came. I groped about, and found my hands and head burning, and a difficulty of respiration from the smoke. Then I stumbled over a man, either dead, or dead drunk, I knew not which; and tore down bundles of matches, which were on fire. In doing this, the blue-lights used for signals were ignited, upon which I heard some men, who were coming down to assist me, cry out—'she is going!' and they hurried back to the deck, where there arose another hopeless cry of 'she's going!' And then all was hushed.

"One glance, as the blue-lights flamed, cleared up the mystery. The gunner's mate lay prostrate at my feet, with a broken pipe stuck in his mouth, and the only sign he gave of life was puffing. The ready-primed matches for the guns, had caught fire from his carelessness. The slow mouldering fire from hundreds of these had alone caused the smoke, and the danger was in their proximity to the powder. I grasped hold of the blue-lights, fire proof in my ardour which the probability of saving the ship gave me.

"While endeavouring to hand them up, I called out for more men. At this instant Aston was jumping down. 'Don't come down,' I said, 'but hand these damned things up, and then a dozen buckets of water, and all is right. Aston called to one of the men who followed him, bidding him go on deck, tell the captain there was no danger, and that all we wanted was water.

"The first bucket which was handed down, Aston threw over me, saying—'You are on fire!' My hair and shirt were burning; this and the smoke I suffered were the cause of my falling down insensible. Aston took my place. The fresh air soon restored me. In a few seconds the magazine was inundated by the buckets, and all was safe."

We have here confined our notice to the first volume of this work, which afterwards contains scenes of a sunnier and softer nature, with an Arab heroine, Zela, who is described as the perfection in all that is lovely, amiable, and romantic;—but we can follow our nameless hero no further.

RADCLIFFE REDIVIVA.

Chantilly. 3 vols. Bull.

If these volumes be really, as stated by some of our contemporaries, the production of a young lady, and if, moreover, they be her first and unassisted work, we see in them much matter for congratulation, and promise of better things to come. This is the limit to which our encouragement must now extend;—looking for "better things to come" ere we say all that we might even fancy ourselves warranted in saying. In short, taking this work as the first shoot of a genius from which, in due time, more rich and perfect fruits are to spring, we should call it a highly creditable production; but, if it be intended that our fair novelist having, according to ancient custom, "put her best foot foremost," should then be considered as having "made her name," and established her right to inundate the town with ill considered and half-fledged bantlings "by the author of Chantilly," we would most heartily warn her to retrace the path she has chosen, and rest content with such honour and profit as this her first effusion may produce. She must recollect that the world of letters, however otherwise considered by some, is one of continual toil and perpetual motion. He that improves not, and pushes not forward, will inevitably one day find himself in awful arrears. He that thinks to saunter smoothly and jauntily along, should recollect, that "easy writing,"

especially in story telling, is "——— hard reading."

We say all this, which perhaps may seem unkind, because, as we believe, we are, for the first time, in our two-penny career, addressing a *debutant* in this field of literature. If some of our contemporaries had adopted a similar course long ago, instead of puffiing up and puffing off each vain adventurer of the quill, with thoughtless, unqualified, and unjustifiable flattery, the publishing shops had been less oppressed with waste paper, and a great many young people would be gaining an honest livelihood by the thrift of their hands, instead of wasting away in an illusive state of being, whence they have now neither the energy nor the good sense to escape.

These volumes contain three stories, viz :—"D'Espiac," relating to the times of Henry of Navarre, and Henry of Valois; in which there is much cleverness and dignity ;—"The Page," a highly romantic piece, dated in the times of Charlemagne ;—and "Ash-Wednesday," the last and least affair of the series, in which the character of Cardinal Richelieu is ably introduced. We can only afford space for one specimen of our author's powers of narrative;—it is a scene in "The Page," which, for novelty of situation, at any rate, is as remarkable as many of the best in the Radcliffe school; it might, perhaps, in more experienced hands, have been heightened with advantage.

Robert the Red, a wicked wight, as his name implies, conspires against the life, and aspires to the estate, of his cousin Clodomir; in an attempt of this kind he has been thwarted by a Saracen youth "The Page," for whom, of course, he entertains no friendly feelings, persuading his cousin to imprison him on a charge of theft. The lady Blanche becoming anxious about the fate of the preserver of her child, and fearing that all is not right, prevails upon Clodomir to release the Saracen youth, and they descend to the dungeon for that purpose. Here, being left by an accident alone, she falls asleep, and has a terrible dream, from which at length she "suddenly awoke, with a painful sense of suffocation, as of some heavy weight upon her bosom."

"She made an effort to rise, but in vain; it seemed as though she were held down to the pallet by force : she at first imagined herself to be still under the influence of the dream, and it was not till after repeated endeavours to rise that she became conscious of the presence of another person in the chamber. She now too perceived with horror that the cloak must be purposely held down, or how should she be thus restrained from moving? Her heart beat, as though it would have burst from her bosom—she essayed to scream —in an instant the weight which had hung upon her chest, flew to her mouth, and proved to be the firm and heavy pressure of an enormous hand.

"She lay paralysed with terror while a hundred ideas floated through her mind: it was some idle jest of the baron's to alarm her—it was the Moor—it was the Jew :—ah, no, her husband's hand would never press thus rudely, nor the Moor, nor the Jew, would dare to be thus familiar! If neither of these, oh God! who was it then? and why spoke they not? She did not long remain in doubt of the dreadful truth; and no language can describe the sensation of horror which ran through her frame, as the voice of the hateful, the detested Hybelin, rang in her ears.

"'Loose him not,' said he in a hurried tone; 'loose not the cloak, sir knight, ere he be silenced for ever! A single shriek might reach the ears of the vigilant warder on the battlements without.'

"'Fear not, Hybelin,' returned Robert the Red, for such the deep tones of the speaker announced him to be: 'I have him in my grasp; he will find it somewhat hard to stir from the couch; and trust me, no sound will he be enabled ever more to utter, save alone the last death-rattle, with which I hope he will gladden our ears ere long,'

"'Loiter not, I pray you, sir knight,' returned Hybelin; 'remember we have much to accomplish ere the dawn; lose no time in despatching the Moor—here is the trusty dagger:—Behold! plunge it close beneath yon large dark fold, and I warrant me it will not fail to find his heart.'

"A cold shudder came over the Lady Blanche, the blood froze in her veins, as she felt the Red Knight withdraw his hand to stretch it forth to receive the weapon, and collecting her whole strength, she profited by the circumstance to renew her struggles with more violence than ever; but alas! the iron hand of Red Robert moved not from her lips, and she exhausted herself in fruitless endeavours to enable him to distinguish the sound of her voice. Oh, God! and must she die, even now, this horrid death? Where was Clodomir, that he came not! Father of Mercies! she should never behold him more. There was madness in the thought, and her efforts for release became still more desperate.

"'Ha, ha!' wildly laughed Red Robert—it was the same fiendish laugh which had disturbed her dream. 'See, how he struggles, Hybelin; as if his puny strength could ever match a warrior's arm.'

"He knelt low, and whispered in her ear; she could hear his teeth grind while he spoke.

"'Boy,' said he, 'I fear me we have disturbed thy slumbers; but it is only for an instant, in a short time thou wilt sleep sounder than ever in the castle-moat; and be not afraid, thou wilt not pine for lack of company. Saracen! thou didst once save the life of the young heir of La Morlaye; 'twere pity thou thyself shouldst die in ignorance of his future fate. Know then, thou faithful fool! that ere night shall have waned away, the castle itself will have changed possessors, by the grace of God, as Charlemagne would say, and the help of the brave forest robbers, who have long ago called me captain. Now, hie thee to my fond cousin: tell him 'twas I myself who told thee so; and he, and he—ha, ha!—he will consign thee to a dungeon for thy pains. But mark me, boy! thou wilt not die unavenged; thou hast cause for rejoicing, even in death: the dungeon of which thou hast been an inmate, shall become the prison of thy gaoler; the same dagger which pierceth thy heart, shall soon be wet with the blood of his. Say, are not these good tidings? Doth it not gladden thy soul? Vengeance can brighten the death-hour. Oh, Saracen! it is heaven to be revenged.'

"As he said this, he grasped the lady with such rude violence, that she gasped for breath; but he heeded it not. She now lay in calm and hopeless despair, resigned to the dreadful fate which seemed inevitable. Unable to speak or move, by a single blow she might be launched in a moment from life and consciousness into darkness and death.

"But the Red Knight appeared to exult with all the malice of his cruel nature, in prolonging the torture of his victim.

"'And the child,' he continued,—'the boy, whom thou hast loved so well,—in truth, my tender heart would grieve to part ye! when thou art gone, I fear he might come to harm; so, in kindness, I will soon send him to join thy cold slumbers and thy watery bed. Ha! what! art determined to have another struggle for thy paltry remnant of life? Knowest thou not that none ever escaped from beneath the arm that now holds thee? Ho, there! look to him, Hybelin! he is bursting the cloak with the violence of his efforts to get free: lay thy hand upon his feet, or he will force them through the camlet.'

"'By Heaven! he is gaining strength. Why do you dally thus, sir knight,' cried Hybelin; 'if he were once to loosen the cloak, I would not answer for the issue! he has the very activity of the antelope, and—'

"'Tut, tut!' said Robert, 'his quickness will be of small avail now! is it not Robert the Red who has him in his grasp? I tarry but to let him know the fate of those whose love he has sought so long with unremitting zeal.'

"Again he turned to the hapless Lady Blanche, and continued:

"'Doth it not rejoice thee, boy, to learn that thy young favourite will be so well cared for? Nay, struggle not thus fiercely! Say, am I not gentle and kind-

hearted? I feared that, lacking thy eagle eye to watch over him, some evil chance might befall him. Nay, who can tell?—ha, ha;—he might even be borne off by robbers to the forest; and so:—But no matter—enough, that thou shouldst be well assured he will not long delay to join thee. And the lady of La Morlaye, I speak not much of her; the castle would be drear enough without a mistress: moreover, methinks she would not love to resign her rights; and I would pledge my right hand, that ere another moon she will still be the bride of the lord of La Morlaye, if he choose to woo her. For well do I know the grief of woman: her eye is oft bedimmed with tears for the loss of the one love, while her lip weareth the ready smile to win the heart of another; and fear not, there shall be wassail at our bridal that shall startle even thee from thy death-bound slumbers.'

"Robert paused for a moment, and when he spoke again, his whole frame shook with passion.

"'Such is my revenge!' said he, 'and now thy hour is come! hie thee down to darkness and perdition, thou accursed one! and shouldst thou there meet Otho the Saxon, it were needless telling him who sent thee there, full well must he remember the death-blow of Robert's dagger! and may his ghost and thine for ever haunt me, if it strike not home!'

"The hapless lady breathed a silent prayer to Heaven as Robert raised his hand. For a moment he poised the dagger at arm's length, as if to take sure and certain aim. Already was it descending straight to the throbbing heart of the unresisting victim, when suddenly a deadly shriek, shrill and piercing, as of one in all the agonies of torture, rang through the dark corridor. Long ere its echo had died away the door was burst open, and scarcely were the murderers conscious of intrusion, when the dagger was wrenched from Red Robert's hand, and flashed, as it flew with the quickness of lightning to the further end of the chamber.

"The assassin turned in dismay, and the blood recoiled from his heart, as his eye fell on the swarthy countenance of the Moor himself, who, panting and breathless, stood otherwise motionless before him. Hybelin stood transfixed with terror, nor dared even to cast a look towards the apparition, for such she had deemed it, but Robert, recovering in a moment from the shock, proceeded to withdraw with trembling hand the covering from the head of his intended victim, and an exclamation of horror burst from his lips as he unveiled the pale and unconscious, though still lovely features, of the beauteous Lady Blanche.

"But he did not suffer himself to be long overcome by surprise. The sound of other footsteps was heard in the corridor, and quickly perceiving his danger, he darted across the apartment to a small door, which till then had remained unobserved, calling on Hybelin to follow. But it was too late; Hybelin was now in the deadly grasp of the Wolf of La Morlaye, and he knew too well that from thence there was no escape. Robert paused not to assist his companion, for the dauntless Moor, drawing his cimeter, sprang after him with the speed of lightning."

Again we repeat to our fair authoress, that we will be well pleased with her work, provided she be not "content" with her present success.

THE GERMAN PRINCE.

Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the Years 1826, 1827, *and* 1828, *&c. in a Series of Letters.* By a German Prince. Vol. 3. Effingham Wilson.

THIS should by rights have been styled the *first* volume,—at least, so it is in the German original, of which the previous English publication comprised only the third and fourth; it being deemed prudent, we suppose, to try the public feeling on the subject before publishing the earlier portion, which contained passages of severe criticism, sometimes personal, which might not, perhaps, have been found palatable. As it is, the present volume is, according to Irish phraseology, filled with omissions, the blanks being covered with asterisks in dread array. Excepting in so far as the delicacy of private interests might have been concerned, we wish the translator had taken less upon himself in this way. For, as we said once before, we like to hear what foreigners say about us; and, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, we warrant John Bull will find *quantum suff.* of philosophy, good-nature, and vanity, to bear up against it all. In truth, this cutting out of unkind sayings, is "the unkindest cut of all," and a worse compliment than any Prince Puckler Muskau, (or, as some people miscall him, "Prince *Pickled Mustard,*") could possibly have passed upon us.

We must allow that our German friend does not exhibit himself in such an amiable light in the present as the preceding volumes, and, to say the best of it, we are frequently called upon to laugh at his snarling and illiberal propensities; yet, strange as it may sound, we like him better than we did before. If we find him now entering our busy capital with all the suspicions and unkind feelings with which strangers in general are too apt to ingratiate themselves into favour of foreign lands,—it must be recollected that the two previously published volumes carried him out of London after his sojourn, imbued with more fair and extended notions, and in high good humour with everybody and everything. It is this triumph over foolish prejudices and fancies, that pleases us with the Prince, and—with ourselves.

Before proceeding to our extracts we will gratify our readers with a few of the Foreign Prince's flattering observations, previous to, and in the course of his expedition.

He makes a rude speech to a lady in Germany, and then adds, "perhaps I said this from 'depit,'" for here, as well as over the continent, it is the fashion to flatter the English inordinately, and God knows how "mal à propos." Again, he accuses the English of rudeness and incivility to strangers, and chuckles at the conversation of a young secretary to Mr. Canning, who "entertained them with some humorous descriptions of English society, and was exceedingly bitter upon the discourtesy and want of good-nature which characterizes it. This gave him, at the same time, a good opportunity of saying handsome things of the Germans, particularly those present. *It is only while abroad,*" he significantly adds, "*that Englishmen judge thus:* when they return, they quickly resume their accustomed coldness and haughty indifference; treat a foreigner like an inferior being, and laugh at the German 'bonhommie,' which they praised so long as they were the objects of it; while they regard the truly laughable veneration which we cherish for the very name of Englishmen, as the rightful tribute to their superiority." This is pitiful indeed; and, if a fair specimen of the "bon hommie" of an untravelled German, "the superiority" of a home-bred Englishman would, we hope, be not backward in showing itself. However our national dulness or dryness of manner may be ridiculed, we can safely assert that to no individuals are we kinder or more free from cold restraint than to foreigners; nay more, we will almost venture, that there is no land under the sun, where foreigners of every clime and caste, receive such kindness, as that they have experienced, and are now constantly experiencing, at our hands. Further on, he informs us, that he is received at his hotel in London, "with all that respectful attention which distinguishes English inn-keepers, and, indeed, *all here who live by the money of others.*" Then he accuses us of worshiping titles, and is exceeding wrath at a poor lady, for calling some foreign princess or other "her friend;" and no less indignant at the said royal personage for having shown the poor good lady such encouragement and civility. In another place he complains that the hotel waiters are exorbitant in their expectations; and again—most serious charge of all, accuses English women, of inferior rank, of paddling through the muddy streets, with "iron machines" (pattens,) upon their "*large* feet." Innumerable similar instances of peevishness might be adduced, but we will only point out one

more ill-natured remark, which, if we could deem it an authentic report of what occurred, might call for more serious criticism. Speaking of his visit to Göthe, he says:—

"In the course of conversation, we came to Sir Walter Scott. *Göthe was not very enthusiastic about the Great Unknown.* He said he doubted not that he wrote his novels* *in the same sort of partnership as existed between the old painters and their scholars;* that he furnished the plot, the leading thoughts, and the skeleton of the scenes, that he then let *his pupils (!)* fill them up, and retouched them at the last. It seemed almost to be his opinion, that it was not worth the while of a man of Sir Walter Scott's eminence to give himself up to *such a number of minute and tedious details.* 'Had *I*,' added he, 'been able to *lend myself* to the idea of *mere gain*, I could *formerly* have sent such things *anonymously* into the world, with the aid of Lentz and others—nay, I could still—as would astonish people not a little, and make them puzzle their brains to find out the author; but after all they would be but *manufactured wares.*'"

We will not pay Göthe's judgment and taste the bad compliment to believe him faithfully reported in the above speech; nor will we take the trouble to reply to it at length. With respect to the "tedious details," which he considers not worth Sir Walter's while, we doubt but if any individual point of excellence were to be particularized in the writings of the *feu* "great unknown," it would be those very minutiæ which are here so slightingly alluded to. No other pen could render such details tolerable, and Sir Walter's "eminence" was but little thought of till the Waverley novels appeared,—"touched up" by his hand! We will now to our extracts without further remark:—

Leaning Houses of Gouda.—"He who has seen Gouda may spare himself the trouble of a journey to the leaning tower of Pisa, for here the whole town seems to have been built on the same principle. Though the Dutch, who have been on many accounts not inappropriately called the Chinese of Europe, might very fairly be believed capable of preferring so extraordinary a style of architecture, yet it is probable that the really alarming aspect of the buildings here is to be attributed chiefly to the unsteady boggy soil.

"Almost all the houses stand with their gable-ends to the street, every one of which is differently ornamented. In very narrow lanes they almost meet, and form a triangle, under which one walks with some solicitude."

Newmarket Races.—"These begin pretty punctually at twelve o'clock. An interminable grassy plain, covered with a thick short turf, is the ground, where various distances, from a full German mile as a maximum, to an eighth or tenth as a minimum, are marked for the course in a perfectly straight line. Near the end, this course is inclosed between ropes, on the outside of which, rows of carriages, three and four deep, are drawn up, generally without horses, and covered within and without, from top to bottom, with spectators. At the goal itself is a wooden house on wheels, very like those the shepherds have in many parts of Germany, so that it can be moved about in case the course is lengthened or shortened: in this sits the judge. Just opposite to him is a post fixed in the ground, by means of which he determines which horse's nose first appears exactly on a line with it; for an inch often decides the race; and it is a very skilful piece of policy and jockeyship of the riders here, to betray the real speed of their horses as little as possible, and to display only as much of it as is necessary to win the race. If they see they have no chance, they immediately give up; so that those who contend for victory to the last, are always very nearly together at the goal. The grotesque spectacle of a rider a mile in the rear, belabouring his horse with whip and spur, like a steam-engine, is exhibited only in France and Germany. If two horses reach the post exactly at the same moment, (which frequently happens,) they must run again. The judge is upon oath, and there is no appeal from his decision. The English jockeys, (who are not, as foreigners think, little boys, but often dwarfish men of sixty,) form a perfectly distinct class, and are the best practical riders I know of. You remember that I kept race-horses myself, and had a Newmarket jockey for a time in my service, who won a considerable bet for me at Vienna. It amused me greatly to see this fellow 'training' himself. After dosing himself severely, he would go out in the greatest heat, dressed in three or four great coats, ride a certain distance at a hard trot, till the sweat streamed off him in torrents, and he almost sank from exhaustion; 'mais tel étoit son plaisir,' and the more completely good-for-nothing he felt, the better he was pleased.

"But there are bounds to this: for the man, by excessive training, may reduce himself below the weight which the horse is bound to carry, and thus subject himself to the inconvenient necessity of carrying lead in the girths. At a certain distance from the goal, about a hundred paces to the side, stands another white post, called the betting-post. Here the bettors assemble, after they have seen the horses saddled in the stables at the beginning of the course, thoroughly examined into all the circumstances of the impending race, or perhaps given a wink to some devoted jockey. The scene which ensues would to many appear the most strange that ever was exhibited. In noise, uproar, and clamour, it resembles a Jews' synagogue, with a greater display of passion. The persons of the drama are the first peers of England, livery-servants, the lowest 'sharpers' and 'black-legs;'—in short, all who have money to bet here claim equal rights; nor is there any marked difference in their external appearance. Most of them have pocket-books in their hands, each calls aloud his bet, and when it is taken, each party immediately notes it in his book. Dukes, lords, grooms, and rogues, shout, scream, and halloo together, and bet together, with a volubility and in a technical language, out of which a foreigner is puzzled to make any thing; till suddenly the cry is heard, 'the horses have started!' In a minute the crowd disperses; but the bettors soon meet again at the ropes which enclose the course. You see a multitude of telescopes, opera-glasses, and eye-glasses, levelled from the carriages and by the horsemen, in the direction whence the jockeys are coming. With the speed of the wind they are seen approaching; and for a few moments a deep and anxious silence pervades the motley crowd; while a manager on horseback keeps the course clear, and applies his whip without ceremony to the shoulders of any intruder. The calm endures but a moment;—then once more arises the wildest uproar; shouts and lamentations, curses and cheers re-echo on every side, from lords and ladies, far and wide, 'Ten to four upon the Admiral!' 'A hundred to one upon Madame Vestris!' 'Small beer against the field!' &c. are heard from the almost frantic bettors: and scarcely do you hear a 'done!' uttered here and there, when the noble animals are before you—past you—in the twinkling of an eye; the next moment at the goal, and luck, or skill, or knavery, have decided the victory. The great losers look blank for a moment; the winners triumph aloud; many make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu,' and dart to the spot, where the horses are unsaddled and the jockeys weighed, to see if some irregularity may not yet give them a chance. In a quarter of an hour the same scene begins anew with other horses, and is repeated six or seven times. 'Voilà les courses de Newmarket!'"

English Dinner Ceremonies.—"The gentlemen lead the ladies into the dining-room, not as in France, by the hand, but by the arm: and here, as there, are emancipated from the necessity of those antiquated bows, which, even in some of the best society in Germany, are exchanged every time one hands out a lady. On the other hand, there is a most anxious regard to rank, in the midst of all which

* "Sir Walter Scott's official declaration, that all the works here alluded to were by him alone, was not then made public.—EDIT."

the strangest blunders are made as to that of foreigners. I execrated mine to-day, as it brought me to the head of the table; while my friend very cleverly slipped himself in between the pretty sisters. When you enter, you find the whole of the first course on the table, as in France.

"After the soup is removed, and the covers are taken off, every man helps the dish before him, and offers some of it to his neighbour*; if he wishes for any thing else, he must ask across the table, or send a servant for it;—a very troublesome custom, in place of which, some of the most elegant travelled gentlemen have adopted the more convenient German fashion of sending the servants round with the dishes.

"It is not usual to take wine without drinking to another person. When you raise your glass, you look fixedly at the one with whom you are drinking, bow your head, and then drink with great gravity. Certainly many of the customs of the South Sea Islanders, which strike us the most, are less ludicrous. It is esteemed a civility to challenge any body in this way to drink; and a messenger is often sent from one end of the table to the other to announce to B—— that A—— wishes to take wine with him; whereupon each, sometimes with considerable trouble, catches the other's eye, and goes through the ceremony of the prescribed nod with great formality, looking at the moment very like a Chinese mandarin. If the company is small, and a man has drunk with every body, but happens to wish for more wine, he must wait for the dessert, if he does not find in himself courage enough to brave custom.

"At the conclusion of the second course comes a sort of intermediate dessert of cheese, butter, salad, raw celery, and the like; after which ale, sometimes thirty or forty years old, and so strong, that when thrown on the fire it blazes like spirit, is handed about. The table-cloth is then removed: under it, at the best tables, is a finer, upon which the dessert is set. At inferior ones, it is placed on the bare polished table. It consists of all sorts of hot-house fruits, which are here of the finest quality, Indian and native preserves, stomachic ginger, confitures, and the like. Clean glasses are set before every guest, and, with the dessert plates and knives and forks, small fringed napkins are laid. Three decanters are usually placed before the master of the house, generally containing claret, port, and sherry, or madeira. The host pushes these in stands, or in a little silver waggon on wheels, to his neighbour on the left. Every man pours out his own wine, and if a lady sits next him, also helps her; and so on till the circuit is made, when the same process begins again. Glass jugs filled with water happily enable foreigners to temper the brandy, which forms so large a component part of English wines. After the dessert is set on, all the servants leave the room: if more is wanted the bell is rung, and the butler, (Haushofmeister,) alone brings it in. The ladies sit a quarter of an hour longer, during which time sweet wines are sometimes served, and then rise from table. The men rise at the same time, one opens the door for them, and as soon as they are gone, draw closer together; the host takes the place of the hostess, and the conversation turns upon subjects of local and every-day interest, in which the stranger is pretty nearly forgotten, and must content himself with listening to what he can take very little part in. Every man is, however, at liberty to follow the ladies as soon as he likes,—a liberty of which Count B—— and I very quickly availed ourselves. We had the singular satisfaction of learning that this was in accordance with the latest mode, as much drinking is now 'unfashionable.' Accordingly the dandy had already preceded us. We found him with the ladies, who received us in a 'salon,' grouped around a large table on which were tea and coffee. When the whole company was re-assembled, all fell off into groups, according to their pleasure. Some entertained themselves with music; here and there a couple whispered in the recess of a window; several talked politics;—the dandy alone remained solitary: sunk into a large easy chair, he had laid his elegantly shod right foot over his left knee, and in that attitude became apparently so absorbed in Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne' that he took not the slightest notice of any one present."

English Landowners, &c.—"The great wealth of the landowners of England must always strike people from the Continent, where the landed proprietors are the poorest class, and the least protected by laws and institutions. Here every thing conspires for their advantage. It is very difficult for the fundholder to acquire the free and full possession of land. Almost the whole soil is the property of the aristocracy, who generally let it only on lease; so that when a great man calls a village *his*, this does not mean, as with us, merely that he has the lordship, *(oberherrschafft,)* over it, but that every house is his absolute property, and only granted to the actual inhabitants for a certain time. You may conceive what enormous and ever-increasing revenues this must bring them, in a country where trade and population are continually on the increase; and may admire with me the concert and address with which this aristocracy has contrived for centuries to turn all the institutions of the country to its own advantage.

"The free sale of a portion of land is attended by many difficult conditions, and at so high a price that it is out of the reach of small capitalists, who find it more advantageous to hire it on lease. Leases here are, however, of a very different nature from ours. The piece of land is let to the tenant for ninety-nine years on payment of a certain yearly rent, which varies from a few shillings to five and ten pounds yearly per foot of the frontage, if it be for building on; in large portions, it is so much per acre. The tenant now does with it what he likes, builds where he pleases, lays out gardens, pleasure-grounds, and so on; but after the lapse of the ninety-nine years, the whole reverts just as it stands, sound and tight, to the family of the original lord of the soil:—nay, more, the tenant must keep the house in perfect repair, and paint it every seven years. During his allotted term he may sell or let it to others, but of course only up to that period when it reverts to the original proprietor. Almost all the country-houses, villas, &c. that one sees, thus belong to great land-owners; and although the tenants, at the expiration of their term, generally re-establish this sort of precarious property in them, yet they must double or treble their rent, according to the increased value of land, or the improvements they themselves have made upon it. Even the greater part of London belongs, on such terms, to certain noblemen, of whom Lord Grosvenor, for instance, is said to derive above 100,000l. a year from his ground-rents. Scarcely a single inhabitant of London, therefore, except a few members of the high aristocracy, is the real owner of his house. Even Rothschild's is not his own: and when a man buys one, as it is called, people ask him for how long. The price varies according as the house is taken at first hand, commonly then for a rent; or at second or third, and then more usually for a sum of money. The greater part of the profits of industry thus inevitably falls into the hands of the aristocracy, and necessarily increases the enormous influence which they already exercise over the government of the country."

Luxurious Seats, &c.—"It must be confessed that a man who is ignorant of the ingenious English chairs, of every form, and adapted to every degree of fatigue, indisposition, or constitutional peculiarity, really loses a large share of earthly enjoyment. It is a positive pleasure even to see an Englishman sit, or rather lie, in one of these couch-like chairs by the fireside. A contrivance like a reading-desk attached to the arm, and furnished with a candlestick, is so placed before him, that with the slightest touch he can bring it nearer or further, push it to the right or the left, at pleasure. A curious machine, several of which stand around the large fire-place, receives one or both of his feet;

* "The art of carving, which is too much neglected in Germany, forms part of a good English education."

and the hat on his head completes this enchanting picture of superlative comfort.

"This latter circumstance is the most difficult of imitation to a man brought up in the old school. Though he can never refrain from a provincial sort of shudder when he enters the brilliantly lighted saloon of the club-house, where dukes, ambassadors, and lords, elegantly dressed, are sitting at the card-tables, yet if he wishes to be 'fashionable,' he must keep on his hat, advance to a party at whist, nod to one or two of his acquaintances; then carelessly taking up a newspaper, sink down on a sofa, and, not till after some time, 'nonchalament' throw down his hat, (which perhaps has all the while been a horrid annoyance to him;) or, if he stays but a few minutes, not take it off at all.

"The practice of half-lying instead of sitting; sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of ladies; of crossing one leg over the other in such a manner as to hold the foot in the hand; of putting the hands in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, and so on,—are all things which have obtained in the best company and the most exclusive circles: it is therefore very possible that the keeping on the hat may arrive at the same honour. In this case it will doubtless find its way into Paris society, which, after being formerly aped by all Europe, now disdains not to ape the English,—sometimes grotesquely enough,—and, as is usual in such cases, often outdoes its original."

Etiquettes.—"But of all offences against English manners which a man can commit, the three following are the greatest:—to put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit any where in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices,—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared, with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach."

Theatrical Audiences.—"The most striking thing to a foreigner in English theatres is the unheard-of coarseness and brutality of the audiences. The consequence of this is that the higher and more civilized classes go only to the Italian Opera, and very rarely visit their national theatre. Whether this be unfavourable or otherwise to the stage, I leave others to determine.

"English freedom here degenerates into the rudest license, and it is not uncommon, in the midst of the most affecting part of a tragedy, or the most charming 'cadenza' of a singer, to hear some coarse expression shouted from the galleries in stentor voice. This is followed, according to the taste of the bystanders, either by loud laughter and approbation, or by the castigation and expulsion of the offender.

"Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear no more of what is passing on the stage, where actors and singers, according to ancient usage, do not suffer themselves to be interrupted by such occurrences, but declaim or warble away, 'comme si rien n'était.' And such things happen not once, but sometimes twenty times, in the course of a performance, and amuse many of the audience more than that does. It is also no rarity for some one to throw the fragments of his 'gouté,' which do not always consist of orange-peels alone, without the smallest ceremony on the heads of the people in the pit, or to shail them with singular dexterity into the boxes; while others hang their coats and waistcoats over the railing of the gallery, and sit in shirt-sleeves; in short, all that could be devised for the better excitement of a phlegmatic *harmonie* society of the workmen in Berlin, under the renowned Wisotsky, is to be found in the national theatre of Britain.

"Another cause for the absence of respectable families is the resort of hundreds of those unhappy women with whom London swarms. They are to be seen of every degree, from the lady who spends a splendid income, and has her own box, to the wretched beings who wander houseless in the streets. Between the acts they fill the large and handsome 'foyers,' and exhibit their boundless effrontery in the most revolting manner.

"It is most strange that in no country on earth is this afflicting and humiliating spectacle so openly exhibited as in the religious and decorous England. The evil goes to such an extent, that in the theatres it is often difficult to keep off these repulsive beings, especially when they are drunk, which is not seldom the case. They beg in the most shameless manner; and a pretty, elegantly dressed girl does not disdain to take a shilling or a sixpence, which she instantly spends in a glass of rum, like the meanest beggar. And these are the scenes, I repeat, which are exhibited in the national theatre of England, where the highest dramatic talent of the country should be developed; where immortal artists, like Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, have enraptured the public by their genius, and where such actors as Kean, Kemble, and Young still adorn the stage.

"Is not this—to say nothing of the immorality—in the highest degree low and undignified? It is wholly inconsistent with any real love of art, or conception of its office and dignity. The turbulent scenes I have described above scarcely ever arise out of any thing connected with the performance, but have almost always some source quite foreign to it, and no way relating to the stage."

English Music.—"I saw Mozart's Figaro announced at Drury Lane, and delighted myself with the idea of hearing once more the sweet tones of my fatherland:—what then was my astonishment at the unheard-of treatment which the master-work of the immortal composer has received at English hands! You will hardly believe me when I tell you that neither the count, the countess, nor Figaro sang; these parts were given to mere actors, and their principal songs, with some little alteration in the words, were sung by the other singers; to add to this, the gardener roared out some interpolated popular English songs, which suited Mozart's music just as a pitch-plaster would suit the face of the Venus de Medici. The whole opera was moreover 'arranged' by a certain Mr. Bishop, (a circumstance which I had seen noticed in the bill, but did not understand till now,)—that is, adapted to English ears by means of the most tasteless and shocking alterations.

"The English national music, the coarse heavy melodies of which can never be mistaken for an instant, has, to me at least, something singularly offensive; an expression of brutal feeling both in pain and pleasure, which smacks of 'roast-beef, plum-pudding, and porter.' You may imagine, therefore, what an agreeable effect these incorporations with the lovely and refined conceptions of Mozart must produce."

Canine Acting.—"But back to the play. It concluded with a melo-drama, in which a large Newfoundland dog really acted admirably; he defended a banner for a long time, pursued the enemy, and afterwards came on the stage wounded, lame, and bleeding, and died in the most masterly manner, with a last wag of the tail that was really full of genius. You would have sworn that the good beast knew at least as well as any of his human companions what he was about."

Doings at the Levée.—"I ought to have begun by telling you that I was presented to the king to-day, at a great levée.—I give it to you as a proof of the extraordinary voluntary seclusion of the present sovereign, that our secretary of legation was presented with me *for the first time*, though he has been here in that capacity for two years. His majesty has a very good memory. He immediately recol-

lected my former visit to England, though he mistook the date of it by several years. I took occasion to make my compliments to him on the extraordinary embellishment of London since that time, which indeed is to be ascribed in great measure to him. After a gracious reply, I passed on, and placed myself in a convenient station for seeing the whole spectacle. It was odd enough.

"The king, on account of the feeble state of his health, remained seated;—the company marched past him in a line; each made his bow, was addressed or not, and then either placed himself in the row on the other side of the room, or quitted it. All those who had received any appointment kneeled down before the king and kissed his hand, at which the American minister, near whom I had accidentally placed myself, made a rather satirical face. The clergymen and lawyers, in their black gowns and white powdered wigs, short and long, had a most whimsical masquerading appearance. One of them was the object of an almost universal ill-suppressed laugh. This personage had kneeled to be 'knighted,' as the English call it, and in this posture, with the long fleece on his head, looked exactly like a sheep at the slaughter-block. His majesty signed to the great field-marshal to give him his sword. For the first time, perhaps, the great warrior could not draw the sword from the scabbard; he pulled and pulled,—all in vain. The king waiting with outstretched arm; the duke vainly pulling with all his might; the unhappy martyr prostrate in silent resignation, as if expecting his end, and the whole brilliant court standing around in anxious expectation:—it was a group worthy of Gilray's pencil. At length the state weapon started like a flash of lightning from its sheath. His majesty grasped it impatiently,—indeed his arm was probably weary and benumbed with being so long extended,—so that the sword, instead of alighting on a new knight, fell on an old wig, which for a moment enveloped king and subject in a cloud of powder."

THE LADY CHAPEL.

Proceedings at the Meeting on the Subject of the Preservation and Restoration of the Lady Chapel, at the East End of Saint Saviour's, Southwark. J. B. Nichols.

This pamphlet, which contains some curious antiquarian discussions, &c. is introduced by the following enthusiastic appeal:

"The proceedings detailed in these pages, the sentiments of the public press at large, and the triumphant majority for the conservation of the Lady Chapel, obtained on the close of the poll of the parishioners of St. Saviour's, on Friday, Feb. 10, have sufficiently declared the public opinion as to the act of barbarism—of indecent desecration—which was intended in the proposed demolition of the venerable Lady Chapel.

"In the march of innovation and improvement, it is a matter of great gratification to every true Englishman to find that there is still among his countrymen, diversified as their opinions may be on other matters, a spirit which will say to the reckless rage for destruction, 'these are thy bounds. The fanes erected by our forefathers shall no further be invaded, their ashes shall no more be irreverently disturbed.' We will still unite in sustaining those common feelings of respect for the works and relics of our mighty ancestors, which 'link us with them in the succession of humanity.'"

Reformers and renovaters though we be, we must say we are glad that this beautiful relic is yet to be spared us.

NEW YEAR BOOK.

The Cabinet Annual Register and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for the year 1831. Washbourne.

This is a neat pocket volume, closely and handsomely printed, on good paper, and elegantly bound; the object of which, to quote the Preface, is "to supply in a brief and comprehensive form, and at a very inconsiderable price, such a summary as would be generally required for reference, instruction, or amusement, of the events and memorabilia of the past year." The principal contents we will now pass in review;—the general summary of "Domestic History," is good, but too brief,—the "Parliamentary Register," is longer and more important in every way, and gives a very full digest of all the memorable proceedings of the late sessions. These bring us to the 238th page, after which, "Foreign History," including France, Belgium, the United States, &c. is too hastily dismissed in forty more. Then come ten pages of "Annual Obituary," followed by nearly a hundred pages of "Occurrences and Memorabilia," which might be compressed with advantage into one-tenth of their present dimensions, or rather, altogether merged as far as real "Memorabilia" are concerned, into the Domestic Summary at the beginning of the volume. After this come forty pages of "Annual Biography," which should have made part of the "Obituary," and the whole concludes with a variety of Statistical Tables of great interest and value. Altogether this volume, though highly useful and creditable in many respects, exhibits a want of proper consideration and sound judgment in the selection of its contents. A fault which the editor prepares us for in his preface, and which, by the experience of another year, will doubtless be remedied.

The "Chronicle of Events" is the least successful part of the whole speculation; while matters of deep and lasting importance, and with which the past year has been but too fully supplied, are past over with comparative neglect, such insignificant "Memorabilia" as the following are raked up from the oblivion of police reports and penny-a-line lumber:—

"*June* 25. Mr. William Addington, of No. 10, May's Buildings, Chancery Lane, drunk tea at home, in apparent health. After tea, he went out, and returned about eleven o'clock. He immediately went to bed, and was found dead the next morning."

"*June* 27. An accidental fire on the premises of Mr. Mills, a green-grocer, in High Street, Chatham, which were entirely consumed."

"*July* 6. Charles Pinros, a chimney-sweeper, aged 18, found guilty of stealing, in the house of R. H. Davis, Esq. M.P. silver knives and forks. The area gate being open, it was supposed the prisoner walked into the butler's pantry, where the plate was kept, and took it away. It appeared that the area gate of the house had frequently been left open, which elicited some cutting remarks on the carelessness of servants from Mr. Serjeant Arabin."

With the few exceptions we have here stated, this is a creditable and industrious performance, and deserves encouragement.

The British Magazine, No. I. John Turrill.

We have just received the first number of this new undertaking. It is devoted to theological matters, and, from what we have seen, appears to be supported by talent and good sense. Such an organ for sound religious doctrine has long been wanted.

JAMES HOGG,

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"James Hogg, one of the most extraordinary individuals that has appeared in the literary world, was born on the 26th of January, 1771, in a wild, pastoral region, called Ettrick Forest, in the south of Scotland;—a region uneven, rugged, and romantic,—occasionally beautiful,—always imposing, and often untamable in aspect as the spirit of its early inhabitants. In this district, the father of our poet having been overtaken by unmerited misfortune, rented a very small farm; and its remote situation, with his humble circumstances, prevented him from being able to bestow any other education upon his children than such as himself or his excellent wife were enabled in the evenings to give. What, however the good man wanted in wealth and literature was added to him in piety; and morning and night he endeavoured to impart it to his family, as they knelt together before the God of their fathers, in their

clay-built temple among the mountains. While yet a rosy-headed urchin, our young poet was sent into the bosom of the silent mountains to watch a few cattle. There, buried in the poetry of haunted hills, away from human eyes and from human sounds,—while the lark poured down its tide of song amidst the pure sunshine around him, and the voices of the streams as they sang through the valleys arose upon his ear, like the hymn of the invisible spirits he believed to be hovering through the glens,—poetry became a portion of his nature and his soul; and long before he had penned a single line, it gushed from his full breast in thoughts too deep for words; for the sublime or romantic poetry of nature, in its awful or living silence, steals out the young soul with magnetic influence in sympathetic rapture. He who is born in the midst of such scenes and *is not* a poet must *resist* being one.

"The little he ever knew, if he ever knew aught of penmanship, he had in a great measure forgotten, and at twenty years of age he was scarcely able to write his own name. Previous to this, he had composed many songs and ballads, which, as is generally the case, obtained him but little respect among the neighbouring peasantry; and although two of his employers, named Laidlaw, had an almost paternal care over him, yet the multitude of the wise men of the forest, like the mass of mankind, cared but little for having a dreaming, listless maker of rhymes in their employment. Sober-minded people forty or fifty years ago, particularly in Scotland, looked upon rhyming as something that lay about midway between *idleness* and *sin;* and sober-minded people now look upon it much in the same light, with the exception that they substitute *folly* instead of *sin*. So much for the march of liberality.

"Conscious, however, of the power which was possessed by the ardent and despised spirit within him, the shepherd took his sheep and his *manuscripts* into Edinburgh together; and his untutored efforts, with all their imperfections upon their head, and those of the printer and the printer's devil added thereto, were printed at his own expense. The germs of the genius since so generally confessed were there visible,—but no man read, bought, or spoke of them; and all that the poet gained by the publication, (if publication it could be called,) was having the honour of being made, like unto many of his brethren—pennyless by the experiment. He returned to the forest with his books, without fame and without money, to encounter the laugh and the jibe of the ignorant, and the reproof of the worldly.

"The neglected strains of the shepherd, however, fell upon the heart of a kindred spirit; and charmed by the sweet voice in the wilderness, the 'Border Minstrel' visited the 'Mountain Bard' in his mother's humble cottage. It was chiefly through this acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, who amongst firm friends ranks with the firmest, that his next production, and his work on sheep, met with a degree of success which completely overthrew the philosophy of their author. Having obtained by their publication three hundred pounds, the shepherd was like a bird escaped from its cage, trembling and ecstatic with the novelty of liberty, and proud of the new-found use of its wings, striking upon every thing, but resting upon nothing, and continuing its tumultuous flight, till it falls upon the earth, with panting breast and broken pinions. The ducal lord of the hundred hills, amidst which he was a dweller, was not a more wealthy man than James Hogg with his three hundred pounds. The very valleys where he had lately wandered a dreaming herdsman, were conscious of his elastic tread. Sirrah, his faithful colley, saw there was a change on his master, and perhaps Sirrah was sorry to observe the change,—for dogs are wise, wonderful creatures, and Sirrah was among the wisest and most wonderful. The three hundred pounds appeared inexhaustible as the treasures of the king of Lydia. Their possessor was overjoyed, enraptured,—he knew not whether he carried the earth, or the earth carried him. Nor is it a matter of wonder, that on one who had never possessed three hundred pence, the sudden and unexpected possession of such a sum should produce such feelings;—they did not argue so much against his judgment, as they proved the genuine simplicity of his character. In the glorying and fulness of his heart, he took two extensive farms, to stock and uphold which would have required a capital of more thousands than he had hundreds. And in a short time, his all being expended thereon, the inexhaustible sum was swallowed up like a snow-flake falling on the bosom of a river—the farms passed from his hands, and the profits of his publication vanished

'Like the baseless fabric of a vision,'

and—left a wreck behind! leaving him once more a pennyless man.

After battling through a season of buffetings, disappointments, and misery, tying up his worldly substance in a bundle, and throwing his plaid across his shoulders, with no friend but the staff in his hands, he

'Despised the shepherd's slothful life.'

and bidding farewell to his native hills, the uneducated son of genius set out upon his pedestrian journey, to become a literary adventurer in the Modern Athens. There he projected the bold and almost ridiculous design of an unlettered, self-taught shepherd forsaking the solitude of the wilderness, and becoming editor of a literary periodical in the metropolis of his native country. Wild as the project appeared, it was carried into execution, and for several months was as successful as any former publication of its class. After the failure of this publication, Mr. Hogg was seized with a long and severe illness; and his best and warmest friend at this period, (if I remember his name aright,) was a gentleman called Grieves, a hat-manufacturer on the North Bridge; and the testimony which the honest shepherd bears to the kindness and brotherly affection of Sir Walter Scott, even at this time, when he, resenting an imaginary insult, spurned them with disdain, do as much honour to the worthy baronet's heart as his splendid novels do to his head. Through a sea of troubles, the shepherd still steered onward in his literary career, until the publication of his master-work, the Queen's Wake—a poem which purchased for him a laurel torn by the strength of nature from the tree of enduring fame. He was, however, most cruelly deprived of the profits arising from the publication by a mercenary publisher.

"He was now universally regarded as a sort of literary prodigy, or a living illustration of the *spiritually visible* power of the mysterious quality which we call genius. His fame having arrested the attention of the late Duke of Buccleugh, that nobleman presented him with a small farm near St. Mary's Loch; and upon such terms, to him and his heirs, that it may be considered as the shepherd's own property. It is situated in the very centre of retirement, in the midst of a valley somewhat of a triangular form, through which runs the Yarrow. Nearly opposite what may be termed a mountain pass, which runs for about seven miles in an almost direct line between the Yarrow and the Tweed, a bridge is thrown over the former river, dividing the valley into nearly equal parts, which appear on each side about a mile in length. Here there is nothing striking in the character of the scenery. The surrounding hills, which are of no great height, possess no imposing features, and present only the bare green bosom of a pastoral district. Three farm steadings, a cottage, a humble school-house, and an ancient ruin, are all that the eye meets with as being, or having been, the habitations of man. Around the farm-house farthest down the glen, are some half-dozen solitary-looking trees; the other, which is of a humbler description, and jutting over a gentle hill, overlooks the Yarrow, is Mount Benger. The cottage is a very small and a very clean public-house, kept by the wayside for the refreshment of the occasional traveller. It is hereabout that his neighbours begin to style the shepherd, *Mr. Hogg*, and speak of him only as a gentleman whom they respect and love. Farther distant from his residence, and for twenty miles round in every direction, I have found

his appellation invariably is *Hogg the poet;* beyond this, and he receives his more universal title, the *Ettrick Shepherd.* The third farm-house, which lies about half a mile above the bridge, is Altrive, the present residence of the poet, and built at his own expense. It is erected on a gentle rising ground, with the Yarrow behind, and a considerable rivulet immediately in front. It is a comfortable white-washed cottage, from the door of which a rustic bridge is thrown over the rivulet; and although only a single story in height, from its situation, its white walls peer over the alder-grove with which it is surrounded as though it towered to a prouder eminence. It is a square, neat, commodious building, such as a poet's fancy might have framed in a dream of contentment. So far as I could judge, the farm may contain about twenty-five or thirty acres, a considerable portion of which is a peat moss. The landscape around is destitute of the bold, the romantic, or the varied, but it possesses a character of quiet secluded beauty, which, once seen, lives in the memory in a perfect form.

"At a ruinous rent he took the adjoining stock-farm of Mount Benger, and held it for several years, but which, in the spring of 1830, involved him in unpleasant and painful difficulties.

"The Shepherd has also the merit of being the original projector of "*Blackwood's Magazine,** and is a prominent member of the clever coterie who have shone among its contributors.

"In stature he is about five feet six. His person is round, stout, and fleshy, with a slight inclination towards corpulency. His usual dress is a gray, or rather what is termed a pepper-and-salt-coloured coat, composed of cotton and woollen, and made wide and flowing, after the manner of a sportsman's, but longer than such are generally worn; with trousers of the same, and yellow vest, or upon a gala-day, the gray trousers are exchanged for nankeen. His face is ruddy, healthy, good-natured, and stamped with unassuming modesty and simplicity. Yet, in his honest features, and simple manners, he is blind as a grave-stone who cannot perceive the presence of the silent and unpretending but proud consciousness—"I am the author of the Queen's Wake,

'the chief
'Mang Scotia's glorious peasantry!'

His eyes are of a bluish gray, laughing and lively. His brow, broad, open, and untouched by age, is still smooth; his hair is of a yellowish hue; he is active, strong built, and athletic, and appears not less than ten years younger than he is in reality. As a poet, he stands among the foremost; and perhaps no writer ever exhibited more of what can only be described as natural genius. His muse is not of a kind that can grasp the universe, and overwhelm us with its power; but it plays round and round the soul, ever and anon touching it with feelings of pastoral beauty, truth, and tenderness. In his prose works he has been less successful! but his genius wanders through them like a fitful will-o'-the-wisp; and if it sometimes leaves them dull and dark, it often illumines them with flashes of brightness. He is an indifferent farmer—a tolerable astronomer—as good an angler as a poet—an archer anxious to excel, *but wide of the mark*—a poor manager of the things of this world—an amiable man—a warm friend—an affectionate husband—a fond father—too good a master: he is beloved by his neighbours, honoured by his country, and admired of all observers; he is a humble Christian; and a man who, if he has one, does not deserve an enemy."
—*Literary Gazette.*

* "We doubt this fact."—ED. *Lit. Gaz.*

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE had *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* on Saturday, and Mercadante's *Elisa è Claudio* on Tuesday. The former went off flatly enough, and Signora Albertini, who was permitted to make her "debut proper" in the part of *Rosina*, sang most provokingly out of tune, and did murderous execution, with a voice of small power and moderate science. This failure so speedily to follow that of La Contessa was certainly to be regretted, and we hope will be the last we shall have to record; and indeed, if Rosa Mariani, and Tosi, and Grisi, be, as we hear, already on their way, and De Meric do but stay amongst us, we need seek no further for harmony and melody to our heart's content. *Elisa è Claudio*, which as a composition has nothing to boast, and as a compilation, is prettily and effectively arranged, was capitally performed. De Meric appeared as the heroine, in which her truly silvery tones were heard to more advantage, and with far more applause, than in the *Esule*, while her acting was animated and in good keeping. Being called for on the fall of the curtain, she came forward, and tripped across the stage in a series of most graceful obeisances. The other characters were sustained by Curioni, Mariani, and Vincenzo Galli, who had made his appearance on the previous night as *Figaro*, but did not find himself "at home" in the bustle of that character;—in his new part he played with much dry humour, and displayed a voice of considerable compass, with good intonation and flexibility. He will become an acquisition, and will doubtless do better things yet when he comes out in his own favourite part in the *Olivo è Pasquale*, which is speedily to be produced. The opera on both evenings was followed by the ballet of *La Somnambule*, which was creditably revived.

Madame Le Compt, of whose merits we have hitherto omitted to speak, made a perfect hit in the *Sleep Walker;* her action was exceedingly chaste and impressive, and the appropriateness with which she suited her style of dancing to the character (that of a peasant girl) was very apparent, and a general encore of her principal *pas* was the result. The house was well attended for the time of year, and the whole business of the evening went off smoothly and satisfactorily.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the season took place on Monday, before a numerous meeting. The whole of the instrumental music was given in masterly style; we cannot, generally speaking, admire the vocal performances; the selections were not appropriate, though the talent was the best the country affords. Great improvements were observable in the arrangements of the opera concert room, a new tier of boxes being added, and the whole of the raised ampitheatre removed. F. Cramer led on this occasion.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Rent Day, My own Lover; the Illustrious Stranger.
Saturday—The Dæmon; Charles the Twelfth.
Monday.—The Rent Day; The Dæmon.
Tuesday.—Richard the Third; Masaniello.
Wednesday.—The Rent Day; the Dæmon.
Thursday.—Macbeth; Charles the Twelfth.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Fiend Father; John of Paris.
Saturday.—The Fiend Father; the Highland Reel.
Monday.—The Fiend Father; the Miller and his Men.
Tuesday.—The Fiend Father; Old and Young.
Wednesday.—The Fiend Father; Katherine and Petruchio.
Thursday.—The Fiend Father; St. David's Day.

OUR weekly list presents no topic for remark. The rival devils have tried their strength upon one another, and Covent Garden, as we predicted, has come off first in the fight. Drury-Lane's *Dæmon*, most horribly shorn of its fair proportions, is now reduced to an after-piece. "Sic transit gloriâ *diabolorum!*"

MINORS.

OLYMPIC.—Madame Vestris has been any thing but idle: her last novelty not answering her expectations; she has repaired the breach by the production of *two* more. The first of these, *Woman's Revenge*, is a pretty little piece of sentimentality; turning on the revenge taken by a certain *Miss Flashington*, now in "the autumn of life," on an inconstant baronet who had deceived her in her youth, by marrying another. The measure of vengeance, is simply her finding

a husband for, and the giving a fortune to, the only daughter of the false baronet, while she refuses the now proffered hand of her deceiver. The weight of the piece fell on Mrs. Glover, who sustained it with perfect ease, and was highly successful throughout. The other characters were of no mark or likelihood, with the exception of one acted by Mr. J. Vining, a 'dabster at every thing,' whose oddities enlivened a piece which would perhaps be otherwise too serious for this latitude. *Woman's Revenge*, was most successful. The authorship is attributed to Howard Payne, the compiler of *Brutus*, &c. The other new burletta is a legitimate Olympic one—its title is *My Eleventh Day*, and the plot displays the sorrows and perplexities of an unfortunate benedict, (who else but Liston?) who ventures on the blessed state even with so charming a spouse as the fair lessee herself. *Mr. Long Singleton*, the hero, promises to add another to the glorious train of *Paul Prys*, *Tristram Sappys*, *Lubin Logs*, and *Gervase Skinners*, which have already 'astonished and delighted' an 'enlightened public.' The honey moon of the 'happy couple,' promises to be long and lasting.

At the QUEEN'S THEATRE *Eugene Aram* has at length made his appearance: but the company, however adequate to light burlettas, contains no member of sufficient tragic ability to depict the intense workings of the darker passions:—the result of course will be a short career for the new drama. The Shakspeare Gallery is more successful, and still continues its 'run.'

SURREY.—The benefits have commenced here, and two—so-called 'novelties' have been brought out. The first, however, intended to catch the reigning taste for the terrific, is merely a *devilish* bad rifacimento from the old Covent Garden melo-drama of *Robert the Devil*, whose name, to pamper another *taste* of the public, is translated, the devil knows why, into Italian, and figures as *Roberto il Diavolo*. What learned Thebans our play-bill authors are, and what a pity none of them can get a smattering of Sanscrit and Chaldee! Why does not some manager, at any rate, engage Dr. Bowring? *Castles in the Air*, a comic burletta, deserves no more notice than a benefit farce usually receives.

CITY THEATRE.—Mr. Davidge has this week shown some signs of life, by the engagement of Hunt, late of Covent Garden, Fraser of the Musical Academy, and Miss S. Phillips, who was last season at Drury Lane,—all singers. Their performances are of course vastly superior to those the city people have been accustomed to under the present management—but they are very poorly supported.

At the COBURG, Miss Smithson is about to conclude her engagement, and Mlle. Celeste has returned, to the great delight of the half-pricers.

The PAVILION has revived an ancient favourite *A British Seaman's Life*, and produced a *Rent Day* of its own; while SADLERS WELLS has only brought out that hackneyed melo drama *The Dumb Girl of Genoa*, and the ADELPHI reserves all its energies for next Monday, when 'a new domestic drama,' is to take the town by storm,—founded it is understood, on Wilkie's picture of "The Reading of a Will."

Miscellanea.

[Our miscellanea is this week largely indebted to a prettily printed sheet of pink paper—the pink of elegance and perfection in every branch of art, entitled "The Album Wreath," intended, doubtless, for the ladies' drawing-room table, and comprising piquant *morceau* in prose and verse, original and select.]

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole;
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

TO ———

BY R. W. SPENCER.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
Which dazzle as they pass.

Oh! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

Home.—There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael, the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and his arrow, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced? What love makes allowances like household love? God forgive those who turn the household altar into a place of strife! Domestic dissention is the sacrilege of the heart.

Do the frowns of Fate startle you? Fear her *smiles* yet more.

There is no barrier so great, no power so overwhelming, that is not in the end overcome by the incessant application of an inconsiderable force. Towers which withstood the shock of war, yield to the mouldering hand of vegetation; and mountain barriers, impassable to human strength, are worn through by the ceaseless flow of water.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

La Femme Sentinelle, put forward by the Drury-Lane people, as an original ballet, was got up, two seasons ago, as *The Female Soldier*, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Versatility of Talent.—Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a musician, a poet, and an anatomist, besides being one of the greatest painters of his age. The Prince of Painters was a courtier, a lover, and fond of dress and company; Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility of talent—a writer of sonnets, (which Wordsworth has thought worth translating,) and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a lutenist and a satirist. Titian was an elegant letter writer and perfect gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses are more polished and classical than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself, doze over it, or vary his pursuit, or else be idle.—*Hazlit.*

The celebrated german critic Augustus William von Schlegel, whose Lectures on Shakspeare have eminenfly contributed to render the works of the great English dramatist understood and admired in Germany, is now in London, and was presented to His Majesty at the Levee on Wednesday.

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

NEW BOOKS.

Braddock's Memoir on Gunpowder, 8vo. 5s.
Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. VIII. (Memoirs of George 4th Vol III.) 12mo. 5s.
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 28, 12mo. 6s.
M'Gregor's British America, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s.
Caractacus, a Poem, 12mo. 7s.
Kidd's New Guide to the Lions of London, royal 18mo. 4s. 6d.
Kidd's Pilgrim's Progress, with Engravings by Bonner, royal 18mo. 9s.
Cruikshank's Comic Album, vol. 2. royal 18mo. 7s.
Rossetti sul Spirito Anti papalæ del Classici Antichi d' Italia, 8vo. 16s.
Petronj's Pensamenti, &c. 18mo. 7s. 6d.
Hughes's Divines, No. 22, (Ogden complete,) small 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Valpy's Classical Library, No. 27, (Plutarch, vol. 5,) 18mo. 4s. 6d.
National Library, vol. 14, (Medwin's Conversations of Byron,) 12mo. 6s.
Mant (Bishop) on the Gospel Miracles, 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Travels in Switzerland, North and South America, 18mo. each 2s. half-bound.
Herodotus, with English Notes by Stocker, vol. 2, 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Theobald's Treatise on the Law of Principal and Surety, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Cromwell's Druid, a Tragedy, with Notes, 8vo. 5s.
My Old Portfolio, by Bell, 8vo. 9s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Bibliophobia, Remarks on the present languid and depressed state of Literature and the Book Trade. By Mercurius Rusticus, with Notes by Cato Parvus.

A History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans, by James Brown, LL.D. Advocate, will shortly appear, to be completed in four octavo volumes.

The History of the University of Dublin, by Mr. W. B. S. Taylor, is expected to be published in the ensuing summer in a large octavo volume, with Plates.

After a lapse of twenty years from its first appearance, the celebrated Orientalist, De Sacy, has published a Second Edition of his Arabic Grammar, with corrections and additions.

A new Novel by M. D'Arlincourt is announced for immediate appearance, entitled "Les Rebelles sous Charles V."

A Second Edition of Travels and Researches of eminent English Missionaries.

Published every Monday evening, in time for the Post, Price Sevenpence,

THE MARK LANE EXPRESS;
A New Agricultural and Trading Newspaper, of the Largest Size.

In it will be found—the fullest particulars of MONDAY'S MARKETS at MARK LANE, and all the other Markets, Home and Foreign of the Week; MEAT MARKETS and Reports of FAT and LEAN STOCK MARKETS; State of the WOOL TRADE, Home, Colonial, and Foreign, Current Prices, &c.; all important matters occurring in the Agricultural and Trading World; a LIST of the Principal FAIRS and MARKETS to take place every ensuing Week; all Improvements, Patents, &c.; Concise Statements of the Effects of New Decisions in Courts of Law, and the earliest notice of Motions and Bills in Parliament affecting the interests of Landlords, Tenants, Manufacturers, &c.; particular attention to all changes in the Laws, of moment to the Maltster and Retail Brewer, the Prices of Malt and Hops, Wine, Spirits, &c. Quantity on hand, &c.; and all that can constitute a desirable FAMILY NEWSPAPER, and Record of Facts, &c. for the information and guidance of all men of business throughout the Empire.

N. B. The Keepers of Commercial Inns, and those who have ordinaries on Market Days, attended by Farmers, Cornfactors, Millers, Yeomen of the County, &c. will find "THE MARK LANE EXPRESS" the best and cheapest Monday Paper they can lay upon their table for the use of their Customers.

Orders received by the Publisher, W. JENKINSON, at the Office, 336, Strand, London; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Clerks of the Roads, throughout the Empire.

No. I. price 2s.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE, of RELIGIOUS and ECCLESIASTICAL INFORMATION, PAROCHIAL HISTORY, and DOCUMENTS respecting the state of the POOR, for MARCH, 1832, contains:—1. Original Papers. Editor's Address. On certain Consistencies observable in the Gospel History. Reflections on the Occasional Services of the Church of England. —No. I.—The Order of the Burial of the Dead. On the Precedent for Church Spoliation afforded by the Reformation. Parish Churches.—No. I. Preston, Sussex, (with an Engraving.) Fourme of the Order for the Generall Fast, (1563.)—2. Notices of the Olden Time. Buxted Register.—3. Notices and Reviews.—4. Reports of Meetings, &c.—5. Important Trials.—6. Important Documents and Facts respecting the Church of England and her Revenues. State of the Dioceses. Emigration. Poor's Rates. Summary of Savings Banks, &c. in England, Wales, and Ireland. Acts of Parliament.—7. Ecclesiastical Intelligence. University News—Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham.—8. Births, Marriages, and Deaths. Obituary. Events of the past Month. Science. New Books and Announcements.—9. Miscellaneous Intelligence. Sheriffs for the Year. New Patents. Gardner's Calendar. Meteorological Journal. State of the Funds. London Markets. List of Bankrupts.

JOHN TURRILL, 250, Regent Street, London.

INTERESTING NEW WORKS,

I.

In one handsome volume, crown 8vo., embellished with numerous Plates, Morocco, elegant, 15s.

THE BOTANIC ANNUAL for 1832.
By the Author of "The British Naturalist."

"We leave the consideration of these noble specimens of the vegetable creation—characteristic of the forest scenery of so many regions of the world—to the able pen of the author; recommending all who are in search of amusement and instruction to see how graceful even science looks in such a gay dress and so luxurious a home."—Literary Gazette, January 28th, 1832.

"This is an admirable idea, ably and happily carried into execution. There are persons numberless, of several ages, and in various circumstances, who feel the love of nature at their hearts, and would fain acquire a knowledge of natural subjects, particularly in the department of botany; but the first sight of the systems, natural or artificial, is so perplexing and repulsive, that fear has mastered desire, and the study has been deferred till 'a more convenient season,' which, of course, never comes. A work like the present is the very thing for such persons. The introductory chapters in which the author's eye and heart speak, and in which the language flows in a stream forcible and copious enough to turn a mill-wheel, gives that sunny glance at grouped nature which the uninstructed eye can bear, and which the glowing heart can feel. The middle of the book brings us *in medias res*. It comprehends a view strictly popular in the best sense—a view which botanists will not despise, and those who are not botanists will understand—of the external circumstances, which make the vegetable creature proud and glorious, or miserable, shrunk, and poor. The structure of these manifestations of divine power is exhibited by an elaborate, scientific, and dexterous, but withal pleasing and intelligible, series of anatomical demonstrations, in which the substances, cellular and vascular, the action of the vessels, the structure of the pith, wood, bark, skin, roots, stem, branches, buds, leaves, flowers, and seeds, are concisely, clearly, and agreeably explained to the general reader. Life, germination, vegetation, functions, and motions of plants or their parts, and the rest of the physiological phenomena, are illustrated in the same spirit. Classification and nomenclature, with a gentle hit at the systematists, conclude this part of the work, and a paper, which in any light would be considered valuable, on the natural order of trees which bear cones—pines, firs, cypresses, and yews, including an application to particulars, of the general instructions given in the different parts of the book, and of the same amusing and agreeable character with the rest, makes a good end to the beginning and middle we have briefly described. The result is a whole which we can cordially recommend as a great improvement on these gay annuals, which bloom to die. This instructive and amusing work will drop seeds into the memory of the attentive reader, from which he must gather agreeable fruit, at times, perhaps, when the source from which it springs may be forgotten. A happy and hearty feeling of general benevolence, with a becoming gratitude to the divine author of nature, breathe in every page, and add something like the perfume of the flowers to the lively description of their form and characters."—Atlas.

II.

HARRO HARRING'S POLISH MEMOIRS.
In 1 vol. small 8vo. price 9s.

POLAND under the Dominion of RUSSIA. By Harro Harring, late Officer in the Regiment of Lancers of the Russian Imperial Life-Guard. Translated from the Original German.

This work has excited an extraordinary degree of interest on the Continent, and has been suppressed by order of the Prussian Government.

"In this book the reader will hardly be surprised, and scarcely displeased, to find a tone of enthusiasm illuminating the numerous anecdotes of Russian cruelty and Polish wrong which the author collected during his two years' residence at Warsaw. That is the right vein to make a book of Polish disasters tell on the heart and nerves of the public.

"Harro Harring depicts a frightful despotism, that, not content with crushing the civil freedom, overwhelming the municipal privileges that existed under a right by law, and pressing upon the people increased burdens, while it diminished their commercial facilities, actually assailed the person, the altar, and the hearth of the native Pole, with an open tyranny worthy of Nero and Miguel. In every corner there was a spy; every word, and look, and motion was watched. Neither sex, nor rank, nor profession, was spared. The political inquisition penetrated to the recesses of society, and dragged forth its victims in the day-light, to punishments of the most degrading kind. Nor was there the least effort made to excuse or conceal any part of this rash scheme of national ruin. Constantine did it all with a most singular unconcern.

"We should add, that there is some very useful information in this volume, on the distribution of ranks, and the orders of society in Russia and Poland."—Atlas.

IV.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 24s. boards,

NORMAN ABBEY;
A Tale of Sherwood Forest. By a Lady.

"What with its personalities, its mystifications, and the interest attached to every thing about Lord Byron, the present production is likely to excite considerable curiosity."—Literary Gazette.

III.

Second Edition,

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 24s. boards,

The Club-Book; consisting of Original Tales by the following distinguished Authors:—Allan Cunningham, Esq.—The Ettrick Shepherd.—Lord Francis Leveson Gower.—John Galt, Esq.—G. P. R. James, Esq.—D. M. Moir, Esq.—A. Picken, Esq.—Tyrone Power, Esq.—Leitch Ritchie Esq., &c. &c. &c.

CONTENTS:

Bertrand de la Croix. By the Author of "Richlieu."
Haddad Ben-Ahab. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish."
The Gipsy. By the Author of "The Lost Heir."
Eisenbach. By the Author of "The Dominie's Legacy."
The Fatal Whisper. By John Galt.
The sleepless Woman. By William Jerdan.
Dramatic Scenes. By Lord F. Leveson Gower.
Gowden Gibbie. By Allan Cunningham.
The Deer Stalkers. By A. Picken.
The Painter. By John Galt.
The Laidlaws and the Scotts. By the Ettrick Shepherd.
The Bridal of Borthwick. By the Author of "Maunsie Waugh."
The Unguarded Hour. By John Galt.
The Cheatrie Packman. By Leitch Ritchie.
The Bogle o' the Brae: a Queer Courting Story. By the Ettrick Shepherd.
The Book of Life. By John Galt.
The Three Kearneys. By A. Picken.

"One of the most pleasantly attractive and permanently interesting books of the season."—Scots Times.

"The variety of the 'Club-Book' will recommend it to every class of readers who read for amusement."—Literary Gazette.

V.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

The Staff Officer; or, the Soldier of Fortune: a Tale of real Life. By Oliver Moore.

VI.

BUCKE'S LIFE OF AKENSIDE.
In one handsome volume, crown 8vo. embellished with a beautiful portrait, price 9s.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE, GENIUS, and WRITINGS of AKENSIDE; with Notices of his Friends.

VII.

Edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., Author of "The Pleasures of Hope," price 3s. 6d.

The METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE,
For March.

Orders received by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Clerks of the Roads.

The Second Volume of The Metropolitan may be had, handsomely bound in cloth, price 14s. A few Copies of Vol. I. may still be obtained on early application.

VIII.

In small 8vo. price 6d.

A FATHER'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.
By the Ettrick Shepherd.

In a few days will appear, (to be completed in 12 vols., one every Month, printed uniformly with the current edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels,) price 6s. handsomely done up in cloth, vol. 1, of

THE ALTRIVE TALES,

Collected among the Peasantry of Scotland, and from Foreign Adventurers, by the Ettrick Shepherd; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank, and a fine Portrait of the Author, engraved by Worthington, from an original painting.

Printed for JAMES COCHRANE and CO., 11, Waterloo Place, Pall-Mall.

London: Published by WILLIAM TINDALL, (every Saturday,) at the OFFICE, 3, WELLINGTON-STREET, STRAND.

Sold by F. C. Westley, 165, Strand; W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; G. Purkess, 61, Wardour Street; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; J. Thomas, Birchin Lane; and all Booksellers in Town and Country.

G. Davidson, Printer, Serle's Place, Carey Street.